



E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1848.

NO 27.

Office over the Drug Store,
(ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)**TERMS:**

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Aggy," said Mr. Lundy to his wife, who had been up half an hour busy about various matters, before he crept out of bed—"I must shave myself this morning."

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting woman.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "in a moment; and kept on with the work, intending to finish dressing the child before she went down stairs for the hot water."

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said a little impatiently:

"I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes; I can't finish dressing myself until I shave."

Mrs. Lundy ceased her work, put down the child, and got the hot water. Mr. Lundy began shaving. When half three, he directed his wife to tell Bill to clean his boots, as his new ones hurt him. Completing his toilet, he goes down to the reading-room, and reads his paper.

Eight o'clock, the breakfast hour arrives, and Mr. Lundy is a punctual man. Mrs. Lundy has five children and herself to get ready. The baby cries—Will breaks his shoe-string—Mary wants a pin—and in quieting the first and helping the others, the minutes fly. All this done, Mrs. Lundy proceeds to arrange herself, when up comes Mr. Lundy, with—

"Good heavens, Agnes! ain't you dressed yet?" coming to the chamber with his watch in his hand. "It's ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting for more than half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute. I've only got my hair to put up, and a dress to slip on," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"A minute! Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over."

"You forget that I have all the children to get ready," replied Mrs. Lundy.

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband goes grumbling down stairs, and recommences walking the floor, but with a heavier and more rapid tread.

"Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning," Mr. Lundy says to one of his children, after the lapse of two minutes, which seemed to the impatient man at least five.

"I'm coming," he hears on the stairs from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he rather roughly responds, "I knew your minute wouldn't be less than half an hour. I wish you would try and be more punctual; this ever being behind hand annoys me terribly."

There are some meek words said about the time it takes to dress, and see after so many children; but it makes no impression whatever on the mind of Mr. Lundy. They are uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regards them as of no more account.

The breakfast! The sausages are done to death, the coffee is more dish-water; Mrs. Lundy is bid to look after Sarah, the cook; she pleads her hard work; and then Bill brings in the new boots; Mr. Lundy scolds away. But at last the children get off to school, and the good man proposes to start out. Just at this moment he looks at his wife, and—

"Are you not well, Agnes?" Mr. Lundy asks.

"No," she replies, "I've been suffering with a tooth-ache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head was alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I would not suffer as you do if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mrs. Lundy turned away with feelings of discouragement. She is heavily burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr. Lundy walks to the store, health in every vein, and vigor in every muscle; and his wife goes wearily to her chamber, half mad with pain and every nerve excited and quivering.

Mr. Lundy chats with customers, sells goods, pays bills, and does a morning's business, and is ready, with a good appetite, for his dinner. Mrs. Lundy has to go to market, and returns home worn and exhausted. Then at twelve run in Maggie, Willie and Mary, hungry as they can be. The poor woman does all she can. Well, at half past one, in stalks Mr. Lundy. Sarah, the cook, was behindhand. She let the fire go down, and dinner was not ready at the regular hour; Mrs. Lundy was in her chamber, suffering from pain.

"Is it possible? Too bad! too bad!" she heard him say, as he passed on his way up stairs—at the dining-room he saw that the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own, if he can't have things as he pleases!"

"I declare, Agnes, I'm out of all patience," he said, entering her chamber a few minutes afterwards. "I told you as I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there isn't even the sign of it ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

"If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please," said Mrs. Lundy.

"That's all nonsense; I don't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and knows that they must be done. Reduce all your house matters to a like order, and keep every one strictly to her duty, and you will have things right, but not without."

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it as difficult as I do to have all things in order."

"Send them away if they can't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do every thing as I directed."

"You don't know any thing about it, Mr. Lundy. It's easy to say send off your cook, if she is ten or twenty minutes too late with a meal, or served it up badly, or does any other thing that is disorderly or objectionable. But it is worse to have no cook than a bad one; and as to good ones, they are hard to be found."

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, and completely silenced his wife.

"But," said he, impatiently, "I cannot wait your cook's movements; my business must be attended to."

And away he flounced from the house. In ten minutes the bell rang.

"Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy couldn't wait—and I don't want any dinner," said Mrs. Lundy to the water.

This is one day's history in Mrs. Lundy's life. Need we wonder that she suffered? Need we be startled that she was killed by inches?

But no one suspected this—not even Mr. Lundy himself. The idea that he was murdering his wife by a slow, cruel death, would have shocked him, and he would have felt the intimation of such a thing as an unpardonable outrage. And such was really a fact. He was murdering her!

Year after year her duties and her toils increased. The history of a day, that we have given, was an epitome of the history of her life. Mr. Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain, and rigid in his notion of order, punctuality and formal proprieties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities of his household, ever adding to, instead of relieving, the oppressive, wearying, and ever-recurring duties that were bearing her down.

It was a common thing for him, robust, and in high health, to sit in his easy chair, with dressing-gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife, who could scarcely move without pain, to hand him this, that, and the other thing, to ring the bell for the servants, or even to go up to their chamber and bring him something from a drawer, to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

Meeker, more patient, more loving in her character grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form than a real substance, and to feel assured that, in a very little while the places that knew her, and the children and friends that loved her, will know and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept so bitterly at her early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was too late, he could remember her long sufferings, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to appreciate or properly care for her.

Everywhere—in books of domestic economy—in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs, and in the current conversation—do we hear reiterated the lesson of woman's duty to her husband, and in her household. She must have everything in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most capricious tyrant in the world. And verily, in his small way, he is too often a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in everything, and to do everything. No allowance is made for ill-health consequent upon her maternal duties, nor for the peculiar wearing and nagging nature of the cares attendant thereon. But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience and kind consideration of his over-taxed wife?—Little is said on that score.

The world goes on—and hundreds like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are the cause of their death. But it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lie the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form, but the overtaking of her peculiar position. She is worked too hard—harder than the slave in the cotton field. Too often she is nurse and seamstress for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides.

She will bend over her needle night after night, in pain or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that his duty, in order to save his wife from toil, is to prolong his labor, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform, any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength.

We read a great deal about the husband coming home, "winded," from his store, counting-room, his office, or his workshop; and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is well enough, and she should do so, as far as lies in her power. But we doubt if many men can come home as over-wearied with toil to their wives, as there are wives who are themselves over-wearied.

Husbands! if you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. Lundy's admirably.—Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it does not suit you in more than one particular.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Extract of Bishop Doane's Address at Burlington College.

"When you have found a man you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass.—You cannot change a Cape May chrysalis to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather."

To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The prince Lee Boo concluded that the hope, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more nor less; a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it.—A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetite. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was, of England's knightlyhood—as when upon the field of Zuphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier."

Only Twelve Cents!—The value of a wife has at length been settled by a court and jury. In New York, a husband has just recovered, for the legal detention of his wife from him for two years, twelve cents—just half a cent a month.

She must have been a 'shocking bad' wife, or else the court and jury were 'shocking bad' judges of the value of that specimen of 'furniture.'

Mystery Closed up.—The Mr. E. A. Cook, whose late sudden disappearance from Boston, with a large sum of money, has been noticed by the papers, is, we learn, a probable absconder, to parts unknown, with the sum of from \$30,000 to \$50,000.

By Telegraph for the Republic.
FOREIGN NEWS.**ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES.**

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1848.

The Havre packet United States arrived this morning, bringing four days later news from Paris. She sailed from Havre on the 12th inst.

At Paris all was quiet. Arrests and seizures of arms continue to be made daily. Upwards of 12,000 persons have been imprisoned.

Gen. Davierre died of his wounds on the 6th inst., making the sixteenth general officer who has fallen in this unfortunate affair.

Gen. Depudean, a moderate Republican, has been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

LIVERPOOL, July 11.

Lord Brougham has called the attention of the Ministry to the alarming increase of clubs, and has pledged himself to support all measures to suppress them.

Duffy, editor of the Felon, (probably Nation,) has been arrested for trial, and Martin the proprietor of the paper, has been committed to Newgate.

FRANCE.

The Assembly is still discussing the subject of the New Constitution. Victor Considerant, the leading associationist, made a powerful speech on the right of labor.

Cabot, the Communist leader, has applied to government for means to transport himself and followers to Texas.

Paris is still in a state of siege. Cavaignac possesses fearless energy.

GERMANY.

There has been a fierce struggle, attended with much bloodshed, between the party of Archduke John and the Republicans.

ITALY.

The position of the armies remain unchanged.

SPAIN.

The insurrection at Madrid is only kept down by a military force.

RUSSIA.

Reconcentrating 60,000 men on the Danube.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 24.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Clayton, the report of the select committee on territories was taken up.

Mr. Hale moved to strike out the words "free white," so as to allow all persons in Oregon to vote.

Mr. Clark addressed the Senate at considerable length, explaining his course on the Committee. He submitted an amendment from the minority of the Committee, precluding involuntary servitude from Oregon, till it was sanctioned by Congress.

Mr. Miller opposed the bill.

Mr. Phelps spoke briefly in support of the bill, and justifying his course as a member of the committee.

HOUSE.—Mr. Clarke, of Maine, offered a resolution to adjourn sine die on the 7th of August, which was adopted by a vote of 126 to 28.

A message was received from the President, in reply to the resolution calling for his instructions respecting the civil government of California and New Mexico.

Mr. Hillard reviewed the message and condemned the course of the President. He opposed the compromise now offered by the Senate, and advocated the Missouri compromise.

Mr. Birdsell read a speech in which he denounced Mr. Berrien as base and dishonorable.

Mr. Kent reviewed the Message with some severity, and it was made the order of the day for Thursday.

SENATE.—Mr. Johnson offered a resolution calling on the President for information relative to the proceedings in the court of enquiry on Gen. Pillow, which was adopted.

WASHINGTON, July 25.

SENATE.—The Territorial, or the Oregon Bill, was taken up.

Mr. Underwood had the floor defining his position. He was a member of the Select Committee, opposed to the compromise, and was in favor of giving to each of the three Territories a government consisting of Governor, Judges, &c., appointed by the Federal Government of the U. States, and another branch to be elected by the citizens of the Territory, the two thus operating as a check.

Mr. Butler replied to him, and also to

the remarks of Messrs. Dix and Corwin.

Reports represent it extremely doubtful whether the bill will pass.

HOUSE.—The Oregon Bill was taken up. Mr. Harris obtained the floor in defense of the Administration, and in reply to Mr. Hillard.

On motion, the question was passed over informally, and the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole upon the Naval Appropriation Bill.

The amendments were concurred in after some remarks from Messrs. Conger and Bayly, and on motion the House adjourned.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS UNION.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Arrival of Lieut. Kit Carson—Murder of Gen. Elliott Lee, Mr. Charles Town and two others, in the Raton Mountains.

Lieut. Kit Carson arrived Tuesday morning, on board the St. Joseph, from Fort Leavenworth, having made the entire trip from California via Santa Fe and Taos, in eighty days. He brings the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Gen. Elliott Lee, and Mr. Charles Town, (the two survivors of the massacre of Taos,) in the Raton Mountains, by the Apache Indians.

Lieut. Carson left California on the 5th of May. Governor Mason was in command of the military, and all was quiet. He arrived at Santa Fe on the 14th of June, and left for Taos on the 26th.

There was nothing new at Santa Fe. He met with no personal adventures of moment on his whole journey.

At Taos, he heard of the murders above referred to. It seems that when Messrs. Lee and Town reached the lower crossing of the Arkansas, they left their company, who went by the lower route to Santa Fe. They took the route by the way of Bent's Fort and Taos. Some distance above Bent's Fort, their party was swelled to fourteen, by falling in with some men going to Taos. The united party proceeded on their way, until they had got into the Raton Mountains, where, on the 14th of June, while passing through a deep ravine, they were attacked by over one hundred Apache Indians. The ground was poorly adapted to defence, and the Indians possessed great advantage. They not only fired on the small party, but hurled heavy stones down the acclivity—by which means several of the men and animals were crippled.

The party were compelled to abandon their property and animals, and attempted to save themselves by retreating. Early in the engagement, Mr. Charles Town received a contusion which fractured his ankle. His companions for some time endeavored to bear him with them, but becoming very faint, he requested that they would leave him. "Take care of yourselves, boys," he said, "I cannot proceed farther." They left him, and a short time after, saw many Indians approaching him. Town still possessed his rifle and pistol, and with them killed two of the enemy, ere he was immolated.

Shortly after this, Gen. Lee received a ball in one of his thighs, which shattered it. He was carried about a mile by his companions, where, at his own request, he was left. He said he could not proceed further, and that if he should not be overtaken by the Indians, who were in pursuit, he would either bleed himself to death, or shoot himself. There was but little life remaining in him when he was left, as he bled very profusely.

In the course of the action, in which the small party killed a number of the Indians, a Mexican by the name of Jose Carman, and a Frenchman by the name of Pascar Riviere, companions of Lee and Town, were killed, and five others were wounded.

When about fifteen miles from Taos, the survivors met a party of forty men, who, instead of going in search of Gen. Lee, returned to Taos.

Lieut. Carson appears in excellent health, and proceeds at once to Washington, the bearer of despatches.

A younger brother of Charles Town, was of the party who went by the lower route to Santa Fe. Both Lee and Town have many friends in this community who mourn their untimely fate.

Nearly \$80,000 have been already received towards the erection of the National Washington Monument, at Washington. It is contemplated to rear this structure, eventually, to the height of five hundred feet.

The famous Madame Darusmont, better known as Fanny Wright, is now at the Broadway Hotel. She is come into the possession of large estates in Scotland, and is just from that country—[Cincinnati Com.]

THE TWO SEXES.

The following true and interesting paragraphs are extracted from an article by Mrs. Sigourney, whose mind is the dwelling of light and beauty:

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step about the chamber of the sick; and women might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour fourth eloquence in Senates, or to 'wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.'—Yet revolvings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earthly felicity broken up."

We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion, the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass, with faithful and unappreciated zeal, through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the 'Great Taskmaster's eye' and their endowment, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven."

NEWSPAPERS.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and past ages too.

A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information, besides they never think much or find much to think about. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and the cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper?—Benjamin Franklin.

Don't Like his Looks.—A Sheriff's officer was sent to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at the house, he saw the Quaker's wife who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home replied in the affirmative, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, but the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he should see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee! He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thy path, and hath left the house by another path."

The venerable Bishop Soule, long a faithful laborer in and an ornament of the Methodist Episcopal churches, and now, under the plan of separation, a bishop of the Southern section of that denomination, has, by the advice of the commissioners and others representing the Southern church at the late general conference of the Northern, convened a meeting of the bishops, commissioners, and others appointed by the South, at Louisville, Ky., on the 6th of September, for consultation upon the proceedings of the Northern general conference.

Isthmus of Panama.—We learn from the New York Commercial, that Mr. Stephens, who has lately returned from an exploration of the route across the Isthmus, from Chagres to Panama, was immediately called to Washington, to give information in reference thereto. After much labor and fatigue, a route has been marked, making the distance some forty miles.—Balt. Sun.

Beautiful Thought.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious thought uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart, like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

"Father," exclaimed a thoughtless youth to an aged Christian, who passed him barefoot. "You are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world." "True," replied the old man, "but what is thy condition if there is?"